

WEAR A SMILE.

Ho! for the faces that smile all day,  
Be the month November or shining May,  
They bring a summer to every place,  
For there's no light like a lighted face,  
And the smile that gladdens a weary heart  
Is an angel doing a healer's part.

I know that often there must be tears  
In the eyes made dim by the spoiling years,  
Grief draws a curtain across the light,  
And the day grows dark as a gloomy night;  
But hope, and courage, and smiles shall win,  
And shadows vanish, and day begin.

There is a lesson that life must teach,  
However cynics may coldly preach,  
God is a Father, his name is love,  
He blesses his children from heaven above,  
And there is reason for smiles of joy,  
And songs of praise should the lips employ.

Then wear a smile in the darkest days,  
And sing for joy of the flowery ways,  
Be quiet always, though storms may rage,  
And look for a heavenly heritage.  
This world of sorrow, and sin, and guile,  
Has need of many a cheery smile.

Smile, having faith in a Father's love;  
Smile, having hope of a home above;  
Smile, and others shall grow more brave,  
Waiting still for the good they crave;  
Smile and sing, for the coming day  
May chase all sorrow and pain away.

PERSISTENT SUICIDE.

JOSEPH REQUA ACCOMPLISHES SELF-MURDER AFTER TWO TRIALS.

When an individual once resolves upon self-destruction it requires careful influences and a metaphysical understanding of the human mind to dissuade him from the attempt. A case in point is that of Joseph Requa, the individual who was robbed of about \$12,000 in bonds and notes by a colored woman about two weeks ago and then attempted suicide by drowning, but was miraculously rescued, the details of which were published in the Journal at the time. It appears that Requa was allowed to wander around the city after a short sojourn in the Chestnut Street Station after his rescue and very little attention was paid him. Nearly all of his money was recovered by the police Department, and he was induced to put an advertisement in the morning papers offering a reward for a \$1,000 U. S. bond and several notes, and when last seen, on the 20th ult., he went into the Republican office to get his advertisement inserted. His disappearance excited considerable apprehension at police headquarters, where his recovered property was, and special officers were detailed to find him. Nothing, however, was heard of him until yesterday morning, when his body was found floating in the river at the foot of Sidney street. It was taken to the Morgue, where it was identified about dusk. There is a great deal of mystery connected with the life of the deceased, and his reticent and reclusive disposition increased, and but little could be obtained as to his antecedents. He is said to have a wife and family living at Mt. Pleasant, Pa.; that he was at one time in business at Des Moines, and latterly in the vicinity of Winfield, Kan., and had taken a tour to Kansas on a trading expedition. His friends in the city say that his domestic relations were unpleasant, which is said to have somewhat disorganized his reason, and probably contributed somewhat to his death. He leaves considerable property in bonds and notes, in the hands of the police, and is also supposed to have left property at his boarding-house, on Market street, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, which was visited yesterday and found vacant, the landlady having moved to new quarters, no one knows where. Some jewelry was found on the body, but a very fine gold watch was missing. The Coroner will hold an inquest to-day.—St. Louis Journal.

Through St. Louis the Gate opens for the Return to the South to Power in the Union.—Columbus, Miss., Index, Oct. 6, 1876.

Under the above caption the Index distinctly announces the purposes and expectations of the Southern Democracy:

Should the St. Louis nomination receive a popular ratification at the ballot box the South will have to contribute three fourths of the votes, and to her will belong the honor of the purification and preservation of free government on the American Continent.

Should the Northern Democracy prove as generous and self sacrificing as we, then cabinet, diplomatic consular and judicial appointments, and the thousands of minor offices which move the machinery of government, will not be conferred upon the men of one section to the invidious exclusion of the other; and then the men of the South who have borne their grapes to the vats and wine presses of the North—who have pronounced highly finished enlogiums upon the Janatual dead, and were the first to denounce the brave men of Hmburg S. C., as incense upon an altar of misconceived public duty, will be required to yield their places of honor to a harder breed of less pregnant hinges of the knees and of unquestionable fidelity to the entire country.

The men who see statesmanship only through trembling, cringing glasses are not the men to represent those who lead the columns in times of extreme peril nor to recover a lost inheritance of constitutions, laws, and governments, State and National.

COLE COUNTY OFFICIAL VOTE.

CANDIDATES.	Jefferson T. P.	Liberty T. P.	Union T. P.	Constitution T. P.	Majority
Tilden Electors.....	701	109	114	120	458
Hayes ".....	581	112	37	83	74
Phelps, Gov.....	631	90	107	121	44
Finkelnburg, Gov.....	650	122	41	87	78
Brookmeyer, Lt. Gov.....	698	183	114	121	48
Allen, ".....	566	110	35	87	73
McGrath Sec. State.....	671	86	113	124	48
Weigel ".....	608	115	35	84	74
Gates, Treas.....	638	101	114	124	48
Severance ".....	598	112	35	84	74
Hopkins, Auditor.....	715	100	114	124	48
Smith ".....	567	113	35	83	74
Smith, Atty. Gen.....	714	101	114	123	47
Mullins, ".....	568	112	35	84	74
McHenry, Reg. L. J.....	700	101	114	124	48
Drane, ".....	584	112	35	84	74
Henry, Sup. Judge.....	687	101	114	124	48
Wagner, ".....	604	112	35	84	73
Harding, R. R. Com.....	716	101	113	124	48
Marmaduke ".....	687	101	113	124	48
Walker, ".....	680	101	114	124	48
Allen, ".....	542	112	34	84	74
Harper ".....	536	112	35	84	74
Hayes ".....	567	112	34	84	74
Crittenden, Cong.....	680	101	113	124	47
Stover, ".....	584	112	35	81	73
Ewing, Rep.....	729	129	170	118	44
Curry, ".....	539	84	31	81	73
Meyers, Sheriff.....	723	110	112	117	45
Lohman, ".....	568	100	31	82	70
Meyers, Collector.....	703	89	113	116	45
Steininger ".....	568	121	33	83	71
Dixon, Co. Justice.....	625	62	96	107	39
Porth ".....	708	148	41	87	88
Drane, ".....	715	100	114	124	48
Wagner, Treas.....	716	100	114	124	48
Maus, ".....	503	104	30	83	74
Edwards, Atty.....	617	88	114	123	40
King ".....	554	124	31	80	80
Ward, Assessor.....	735	121	121	114	40
Forch, ".....	680	101	113	124	48
Guenther, P. Adm.....	708	90	114	121	45
McDavitt, ".....	579	112	31	81	71
Ransome, Surveyor.....	610	105	114	128	34
Vogdt, ".....	630	106	31	81	77
Winston, Coroner.....	681	99	114	121	45
Schrauth, ".....	601	114	32	81	72
Long, T. P. Justice.....	677	67	77	67	67
Glover, ".....	631	31	31	31	31
Sellers, ".....	647	57	57	57	57
Hopkins, ".....	610	10	10	10	10
Roetzer, ".....	614	10	10	10	10
Dwight, ".....	574	10	10	10	10
Fromme, Constable.....	567	10	10	10	10
Borger, ".....	590	123	123	123	123

THE MAN IN THE BROWN WIG.

He was a curious-looking old fellow, as he sat on a bench in Washington Square, chewing a straw with all the dignity and grace of an after-dinner lounge in front of the Fifth Avenue. His eyes protruded, his forehead retreated, his ears expanded. He wore a comical little wig of a reddish-brown color, from beneath which straggled locks of a dingy white. Occasionally he would smite his thigh with great vigor and fall to chuckling as though some brilliant idea had tickled his fancy vastly. A reported saunterer carelessly along and took a seat beside the old gentleman, and as he did so offered him a cigar.

"No," said the stranger. "I never smoke. One cigar a minute at 25 cents apiece would amount in seventy-five years to—to a considerable sum. The man who smokes is not up to snuff," and he smote his thigh and chuckled.

"Ah," said the reporter, "I see you are provident."

"Yes, yes; I'm provident, and remember what I tell you now, young man. Always have your teeth out when it rains quails."

"Your words are just," said the reporter, "and I think one would not go far wrong to trust you."

"Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! what a verdant boy; then turning alarmingly solemn he added: 'Trust Providence, but do a cash business with frail mortals.'"

"Your comparison—"  
"My comparison?" yelled the old gentleman; "I'll teach you to talk about my comparison. What do you know about it? You never heard it. I'll tell it to you. It's the best comparison ever made; it's the apotheosis of comparison. Here you are: A cent is positive, a Center is comparative, but a Bull's Eye is superlative."

"Indeed, that is a good comparison," said the reporter, soothingly: "let's go and have a game of billiards."

"A cue in the hand is better than an ague in the body," answered the old gentleman as he arose stiffly from the bench. "That's a fine mare," remarked the reporter, as a gentleman drove by. University Place. The effect was terrible. The old gentleman wrenched away his arm, and began to dance a weird pas seul around the curbstone. Then he tore off his wig and shook it in the air; then he stopped and said: "A Green Mayer is not so good as a bay horse."

"Proverbial old man," said the reporter, solemnly, "who in the d—ckens are you?"

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" chuckled the old gentleman, "don't you know me? I'm Martin P. Tupper, Esq., and I'll stab you to death with a proverb—I'll knock your brains out with an apothegm—I'll strangle you with a platitude—I'll—"  
"What further threats he might have made will never be known, for a bullet-headed man, who had been gradually stealing up on him, seized him by the shoulder and in a second clapped a pair of irons on his wrists. "None of this, Mr. Jones," said he harshly. "Come along. A pretty chase you've given me. You'll get the straight-jacket when I get you back to Bloomingdale."

That was all.

SHE WAS REVENGED.

They neglected to invite an elderly lady on Narrow street to the wedding, but she succeeded in effecting an entrance when the presents were exhibited, and took a fearful revenge, as follows. She adjusted her spectacles, took a silver cream-pitcher forming part of a set, read the card attached, coughed and frowned. A neighboring spectator's attention was attracted: "Solid silver? Yes. I saw it first when Hattie Towker was married, and the Wheelers gave her the set. That was in 1864. Then I met it at Clara Sims' wedding, and the jeweler vowed he would never let it out again, because the Podgerses—who hired it to present it—didn't pay for the use of it, and Grubbs

seized it and all the others present because the wedding supper wasn't paid for. Presented by her affectionate friends Henry and Josephine Plummer! Humph! Anybody with a grain of sense might know that the Plummers couldn't have given them that. Why, the Plummer's could not go to church on Sunday fortnight because the washer-woman kept their thing, and they couldn't raise money enough to pay her." In this pleasant manner the gear old lady, with the privilege of age and near friendship, passed all the articles on the table in review, and let the guests know rather more about everybody and everything than they could have found out by spending a fortune at Snodger's Commercial Agency.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

When the senate and the house assembled to count the electoral vote, if any objection, no matter how trivial, was made in regard to the vote in any state, the two bodies separated, and a vote without debate was taken. If either of them supported the objection the vote of that state was thrown out. Recognizing the suicidal policy of this rule, I battled against it until it was finally repealed. I then introduced a bill providing that in the event of an objection to the vote of any state, that objection could only be sustained by a confirmatory vote from both houses. For three years I struggled to get this bill through, and it did pass the senate twice. On the first occasion it was quashed by Democrats in the South, but on the second, last winter Senator Thurman, who had been its strongest advocate, from over caution moved that the vote be reconsidered, and the bill went to the wall. I was wearied with striving and said: "Do as you will." Just before the close of the session the Democrats became alarmed at the situation, and were anxious to have prompt action taken in the matter, for they found out their mistake; but it was too late. And now we are thrown back upon the rule or misrule which prevailed prior to the twenty-second joint rule, thus leaving the power entirely in the hands of the vice-president. The present vice president is not a Democrat, and that party fears the sting of its own action. The custom of leaving the decision to the vice president arose from a casual omission in the constitution, and the effect was made evident by the case of Wisconsin in 1857. Before your day, eh? Well, the matter stood thus: Owing to a severe snow storm the Presidential electors in Wisconsin failed to meet on the appointed day, but cast their vote on a later date. When the electoral vote was being counted by congress, an objection was raised concerning Wisconsin, on the ground of non-conformance to the law. Vice-President Mason, of Virginia, refused to entertain the objection, and the vote of Wisconsin was counted, as he alone had the power to throw it out. So you see we are in precisely the same position to-day, and must depend upon the judgment and impartiality of one man. I grant you it is a great power to be vested in one person, and therefore it is that I try to remedy it.

COLORING HUMAN HAIR BY EATING EGGS.

London Echo: The much vexed question, how to get gold hair, is solved at last. While the Germans shrink from being held a fair-haired nation, who knows but the sufferers what other nations have gone through to win the hair despised by Prussia? Ladies have borne unheard-of tortures in pursuit of this fictitious gold. One who had to be turned round in the sun for hours during the process, bore with some fortitude the terrible headaches involved each week, nor ever complained of what she had to pay, though after all she was scarcely even electroplated. Some run other risks in robbing Teuton corpses of their long, fair locks, and all is ineffectual while eyes and skin remain to give the lie to hair. Now no more dyes,

migraines or wigs will be necessary. Everybody may sport the 'glad gold hair'—nay, blue eyes, too, and snowy skins. All you have to do is to go and live on an island and eat penguins' eggs, and the more you eat the fairer you will get. None need despair, for hair too dark to change to gold turns red, and red hair, being more the rage than flaxen, tant mieux. The isle in question is one of the Crozet group, on which the survivors of the unfortunate Strathmore were wrecked last year, and only rescued after six months' duration. They had little to eat but penguins' eggs (and doubtless the eggs without the islands would be of no avail), but the slight inconvenience of a sameness in food would be readily encountered by the votaries of fashion. A survivor writes: 'The eggs did every one a great deal of good.' . . . A most remarkable thing was that every one had fair skins and light hair, dark faces and hair being quite changed, black hair turning brown or red, and fairer people quite flaxen.' If some enterprising Englishman does not immediately set up a hotel on this enchanted spot, we shall never give John Bull credit for knowing how to make his fortune.

LA CREME DES CHRONIQUES.

WHAT THE WITS OF PARIS FIND TO SAY IN PAPERS.

During the recent heated term a work-woman mops her perspiring brow, then adds in a tone which permits of no doubt on the subject; "But it keeps on like this, what sort of weather will we have by January?"

At the Police Tribunal: Judge—Prisoner, why did you steal this poor man's wages on Saturday, his pay-day? Prisoner—Because Saturday was my pay-day, too.

Rue Breda: Cora Pearl—Annette, I shall have company at dinner to-day—guests of distinction. Annette—Ah! C. P.—You must go to the fish market and buy the fish. A.—Yes, Miss. C. P.—But don't buy it of your mother, you know. She is too thievish.

Two ladies are discussing a third, who is, of course, absent. "She is really charming," says one. "And, above all, she has such an air of intelligence." "Yes," answers the other, "but there are no words to that air."

The Radicals who are prepared to shed ink and blood to glory and dely Murat should not forget that when the remains of the exveterinary surgeon of the Comte d'Artois were deposited in the Pantheon, the people undertook the duty of writing his epitaph.

They wrote on the tomb of the scoundrel who called himself their 'friend' the following:

Passant no plains pas trop mon sort,  
Sije vivais—to serait mort.  
Which may be translated:  
Passer, for me no tear-drop shed.  
Were I alive, thou mightest be dead.

The Grand Duchess de Celina has just been presented to the Pope. She expressed her sympathy with his Holiness in the troubles precipitated upon him.

"Yes, my daughter," he says, sadly, "all Europe is in confusion, and even the Church itself is torn and distracted."

"Alas! yes," she replies, her fine eyes filled with tears, "but there will be an end of it. People all say that after your death things will re-arrange themselves."

Celino has come back from the country, and is met at the railroad station by a friend who can not help commenting upon his paleness.

"My dear fellow, you are sick."

"O, no; I'm all right now. You know I never can bear riding with my back to the engine."

"But why didn't you ask some one to change seats with you?"

"How could I? I was all alone in the compartment."

Last Sunday evening a man considerably more than half drunk presented himself at the police station.

Official. Well, what do you want? Inebriate. I want to be locked up.

O. Why?

I. O, I got drunk every Sunday and am locked up at night, but to-night I couldn't find any officer to lock me up, so I thought I would come myself.

The Sergeant reflects a moment, then replies sententiously.

"If you are able to find the road to the police station by yourself you are not drunk enough to be locked up. Come back in an hour or so."

It was a couple of days after the surrender of Paris, and a Communist walking along the Boulevard saw an immense turbot hanging outside a restaurant.

"Traitor," he hissed between his teeth, "of course you ain't afraid to show your turbot now."

Nivier the eccentric Frenchman who has made it the business of his life to worry the Custom House inspectors of all European countries, has returned to France. He went formerly to pack a huge trunk full of trowers straps, such as are worn with gaiters, using hydraulic pressure, if it were necessary to cram five bushels into a three-bushel space; then to lure the inspectors to open it as a suspicious package, when naturally the contents were oversteer, and the whole force of the Custom House was occupied for hours in putting them back. A powerful Jack-in-the-box was another device of his that was successful. His latest performance at Boulogne is thus recounted: "M. Vivier placed his valise and traveling sack on the counter. 'What is in this travelling sack?' 'Two rattlesnakes,' said M. Vivier, meekly. The inspector jumped back, and said it was unnecessary to open it. 'And in this valise?' 'Three more rattlesnakes,' softly responded M. Vivier. The inspector knitted his brow for a moment, consulted a tariff, and replied in an awful voice, 'That makes five rattlesnakes; there is no duty on rattlesnakes unless there are six or more. Pass this gentleman's luggage!'

Mr. Thos. Carlyle is reported to have expressed his mind very clearly to a correspondent of the Hartford Courant in regard to the doctrine of evolution. 'I have known,' said he, 'three generations of the Darwins, grandfather, father and son; atheists all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraven with this legend, 'Omnia ex coehilis,' everything from a clam shell! I saw the naturalist not many months ago; told him I had read his 'Origin of the Species,' and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys; but had gone far toward persuading me that he and his recalled scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys. A good sort of man is this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretense, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day.'

STOKES.

Edward S. Stokes enters the world again, a free man; but the world must be a mockery to him, whether he reflects or looks forward. The gay man of society, with his pride and vigor and eagerness is gone; at thirty-five he is old, worn, broken in health. He had a wife and child; he has them no longer, for the wife has obtained a divorce, and neither she nor their little daughter, whose portrait always hung in his cell, visited him in prison. He had a father; a worthy and healthy man, who has died of grief at his son's guilt and punishment. He had friends and prospects; and some may remain to him; but never the same that they were. He bears the uneasy sense that made Cain cry out, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear'; for wherever he goes he will see curious eyes fixed upon him, and know that curious lips are saying, 'That's the man that killed Jim Fisk.' These years of life in advance and fellowship with criminals; this blasted youth and these retributive calamities, weigh them and say if death would have been a deeper expiration.—From the Springfield Republican.

WHAT IS VEGETINE?

It is a compound extracted from barks, roots and herbs. It is Nature's Remedy. It is perfectly harmless from any bad effect upon the system. It is nourishing and strengthening. It acts directly upon the blood. It quiets the nervous system. It gives you good sweet sleep at night. It is a panacea for our aged fathers and mothers, for it gives them strength, quiets their nerves, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep,—as has been proved by many an aged person. It is the great Blood Purifier. It is a soothing remedy for our children. It is a reliable and cured thousands. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it. It relieves and cures all diseases originating from impure blood. Try the Vegetine. Give it a fair trial for your complaints; then you will say to your friend, neighbor and acquaintance, "Try it; it has cured me."

RELIABLE EVIDENCE.

The following unsolicited testimonial from Rev. O. T. Walker, formerly pastor of Bowdoin Square Church Boston, and a student settled in Providence, R. I., must be deemed as reliable evidence. No one should fail to observe that this testimonial is the result of two years' experience with the use of Vegetine in the Rev. Mr. Walker's family, who now pronounce it invaluable: Providence, R. I. 164 Transit Street. H. R. STEVENS, Esq.

I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your Vegetine. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating, renovating tonic.

O. T. Walker, Formerly Pastor of Bowdoin Square church, Boston.

The Best Evidence.

The following letter from Rev. E. S. Best, Pastor of the M. E. Church, Natick, Mass., will be read with interest by many physicians; also those suffering from the same disease as afflicted the son of the Rev. E. S. Best. No person can doubt this testimony, as there is no doubt about the curative power of Vegetine.

Natick, Mass. Jan. 1st, 1873. MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—We have good reason for regarding your Vegetine a medicine of the greatest value. We feel assured that it has been the means of saving our son's life. He is now seventeen years of age; for the last two years he has suffered from necrosis of his leg, caused by scrofulous affection, and was so far reduced that nearly all who saw him thought his recovery impossible. A council of able physicians could give us but the faintest hope of his ever rallying; two of the number declaring that he was beyond the reach of human remedies, that even amputation could not save him as he had not vigor enough to endure the operation. Just then we commenced giving him Vegetine and from that time to the present he has been continuously improving. He has lately resumed studies, thrown away his crutches and cane, and walks about cheerfully and strong.

Though there is still some discharge from the opening where his limb was lanced, we have the fullest confidence that in a little time he will be perfectly cured.

He has taken about three dozen bottles of Vegetine, but lately uses but little, as he declares he is too well to be taking medicine.

Respectfully yours, E. S. BEST.

MRS. L. C. F. BEST.

Prepared by

H. R. STEVENS, BOSTON, MASS.

VEGETINE  
IS SOLD BY  
All Druggists & Dealers  
EVERYWHERE.

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